THE OBSERVER.

NEW-YORK:

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 25, 1809.

MY TROUBLES.

(Continued from our last.)

He knocked at the door, but instead of being opened by his friend, it was unlocked by a handsome young woman, that lived in the house and often had cast a favourable glance on Euphelious. - - - Wine, beauty, love and opportunity, were things not calculated to make them fly from each other. She bade him often go away, but in a tone of voice that rather invited him to stay: indeed so congenial were their feelings, it would be difficult to tell which was the seducer, - - - - - - she had long loved him, though he was unconcious of it - - -

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to be done? - - - - she did not answer the picture his ambitious, heated, youthful fancy, had formed to be the partner of his future life. I believe, said he, she loves me, but is it enevitable therefore that I must love her? and if I marry her through compunction and not for love, will she not, on the whole, be more unhappy, than to leave her now, and try the effects of delay and coldness.

Not many weeks had elapsed, before she evinced to all her friends that something preyed upon her mind. They suspected something like the real cause: "she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek." They solicited, importuned, and teazed the poor girl almost to madness. It was a secret too vast and mighty to be told - - - the dearest wish of her heart was at stake, the cruel officious impertinence of her friends, the perturbation and restless anxiety of her mind, led her to a determination to alter her situation, and in a fit of rage and despair she tied a few clothes in a bundle and went into the street without knowing or caring where she went.

To be continued.

THE MONITOR.

AMONG the multitude of proofs which solicit our attention, and press forward, on every side, to bear witness to the truth of Christianity, one of the most striking is, the *perfection* of the character of its great Author. We challenge all history to produce its parallel:--Nay, we go farther. We defy our adversaries to call from the regions of fancy, a character of equal purity to that which four poor men, of no learning, have drawn from real life. The finest genius of antiquity never formed, even in imagination, such excellence, as these illiterate, but faithful Historians, have recorded in the life of their beloved Master.

The best and wisest of mankind have been seduced by error, led captive by folly, and debased by guilt. He who keeps both his heart and his actions with the most watchful vigilance and never ceasing care, will find, alas, too often, his heart teeming with the seeds of corruption and his actions bearing witness to the bitterness of the parent soil. The Sun in its most splendid meridian has its spots; the purest gold is not without its alloy; and some envious cloud sullies the glories of the brightest day: Imperfection clings to every thing human:---He, alone, whom the Gospel brings to our view, presents that model of perfection and spotless purity, which proves the writers to have been inspired, and the great original, from which they drew, the long expected Messiah, the desire of all nations.

"*Learn of me*," were the words of this Divine Teacher, whose whole life was one continued exertion of unequalled benevolence, and who, in the emphatic language of an Apostle, *went about doing good*. In his doctrines, his discourses, and his precepts, he taught us what Heaven required us to do. In his life and actions, he showed us how our duty might best be performed. Having discovered to us the mount of Holiness, he cut a path through the steep and difficult ascent: He walked in it himself, and called us to tread in his steps.

The frequent contemplation of the character of our Lord, will be productive of vast advantage, and full of the sweetest consolation, to every pious mind. He will hardly complain of the tattered garments, and scanty fare of poverty, who considers that a manger was the cradle of Jesus, and that the carpenter's humble roof sheltered the sacred

head of the beloved Son of God. Who will repine at the ingratitude of mankind, when he remembers, that the Friend of the human race was betrayed by one of his bosom companions, denied by another, and in the dark hour of adversity, deserted by all the rest?---Let us, then, endeavour to imitate, as far as our weak natures will permit, the unblemished holiness, and undeviating rectitude, of our heavenly Master.

"He that gives alms to the poor," says the pious and excellent Jeremy Taylor, "takes Jesus by the hand. He that patiently endures injuries and affronts, helps him to bear his cross. He that comforts his brother in affliction gives an amiable kiss of peace to Jesus. He that bathes his own and his neighbour's sins in tears of penance and compassion, washes his Master's feet. We lead Jesus into the recesses of our heart by holy meditations; and we enter into his heart, when we express him in our actions. He that considers with what affections of spirit, with what effusions of love, Jesus prayed; what fervours and assiduity, what innocency of wish, what modesty of posture, what subordination to his Father, were in all his devotions, is taught and excited to holy and religious prayer. The rare sweetness of his deportment, in all the agonies of his passion, his charity to his enemies, his sharp reprehensions to the Scribes and Pharisees; his ingenuity towards all men, are living and effectual sermons, to teach us patience and humility, and zeal and candid simplicity, and justice, in all our actions."

The following beautiful extract from one of Sherlock's discourses, is so applicable to the present subject, and comes with such force directly to the heart, that I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it for the benefit of my readers:---

"Go to your natural religion; lay before her Mahomet and his disciples, arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands, and tens of thousands, who fell by his victorious sword; show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirements; show her the Prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives; let her see his adultery, and hear him allege revelation and his divine commission to justify his lust and his oppression. When she is tired with this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing both the ignorant and the perverse; let her see him in his most retired privacies; let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God; carry her to his table, to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse; let her see him injured, but not provoked; let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies; lead her to the cross, and let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors.------'*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*"

Reader! examine both pictures with seriousness and attention. Dismiss levity; be superiour to prejudice; banish pride; lay your hand to your heart, and say, which is the Prophet of God!

Charleston Courier.

THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

PART II.

Quondam ridentes oculi, nunc fonte perenni
Deplorant pœnas nocte dieque suas. Corn. Galli Eleg.

Magistrate.

COME, now again thy woes impart,
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin ;
We cannot heal the throbbing heart,
Till we discern the wounds within.

Compunction weeps our guilt away,
The sinner's safety is his pain ;
Our pangs for our offences pay,
And our severest griefs are gain.

Vagrant.

The son came back---he found us wed,
Then dreadful was the oath he swore ;---
His way through *Blackburn* Forest led,---
His father we beheld no more.---

Of all our daring clan, not one
Would on the doubtful subject dwell ;
For all esteem'd the injur'd son,
And fear'd the tale, which he could tell.

But I had mightier cause for fear,
For slow and mournful round my bed,
I saw a dreadful form appear,---
It came when I and Aaron wed.

(Yes ! we were wed, I know my crime,---
We slept beneath the Elmin tree ;
But I was grieving all the time,
And Aaron frown'd my tears to see.

For he not yet had felt the pain,
That rankles in a wounded breast ;
He wak'd to sin, then slept again,
Forsook his God, yet took his rest.---

But I was forc'd to feign delight,
And joy in mirth and music sought,---
And mem'ry now recalls the night,
With such surprise and horror fraught,
That reason felt a moment's flight,
And left a mind, to madness wrought.)

When waking, on my heaving breast,
I felt a hand as cold as death ;
A sudden fear my voice suppress'd,
A chilling terror stopp'd my breath.---

I seem'd---no words can utter how !
For there my father-husband stood,---
And thus he said :---" Will God allow,
The great avenger, just and good,

A wife, to break her marriage vow ?
A son, to shed his father's blood ?"

I trembled at the dismal sounds,
But vainly strove a word to say ;
So, pointing to his bleeding wounds,
The threat'ning spectre stalk'd away.

I brought a lovely daughter forth,
His father's child in Aaron's bed ;
He took her from me in his wrath,
" Where is my child ?"---' Thy child is dead.'

'Twas false---we wander'd far and wide,
Through town and country, field and fen,
Till Aaron fighting, fell and died,
And I became a wife again.

I then was young :---my husband sold
My fancied charms for wicked price ;
He gave me oft, for sinful gold,
The slave, but not the friend of vice :---
Behold me, Heav'n ! my pains behold,
And let them for my sins suffice !

The wretch who lent me thus for gain,
Despis'd me when my youth was fled ;
Then came disease and brought me pain :---
Come, Death, and bear me to the dead !
For though I grieve, my grief is vain,
And fruitless all the tears I shed.

True, I was not to virtue train'd,
Yet well I knew my deeds were ill ;
By each offence my heart was pain'd,
I wept, but I offended still ;
My better thoughts my life disdain'd,
But yet the viler led my will.

My husband died, and now no more,
My smile was sought or ask'd my hand,
A widow'd vagrant, vile and poor,
Beneath a vagrant's vile command.

Ceaseless I rov'd the country round,
To win my bread by fraudful arts,
And long a poor subsistence found,
By spreading nets for simple hearts.

Though poor, and abject, and despis'd,
Their fortunes to the crowd I told ;
I gave the young the love they priz'd,
And promis'd wealth to bless the old ;
Schemes for the doubtful I devis'd,
And charms for the forsaken sold.

At length for arts like these confin'd
In prison with a lawless crew ;
I soon perceiv'd a kindred mind,
And there my long-lost Daughter knew.

His Father's child, whom Aaron gave
To wander with a distant clan,
The miseries of the world to brave,
And be the slave of Vice and Man.

She knew my name---we met in pain,
Our parting pangs, can I express ?
She sail'd a convict o'er the Main,
And left an heir to her distress.

This is that heir to shame and pain,
For whom I only could descry
A world of trouble and disdain :
Yet could I bear to see her die,
Or stretch her feeble hands in vain,
And weeping, beg of me supply ?

No ! though the fate thy Mother knew,
Was shameful ! shameful tho' thy race
Have wander'd all, a lawless crew,
Outcasts, despis'd in every place ;

Yet as the dark and muddy tide,
When far from its polluted source,
Becomes more pure, and purified,
Flows in a clear and happy course ;

In thee, dear Infant ! so may end
Our shame, in thee our sorrows cease !
And thy pure course will then extend,
In floods of joy, o'er vales of Peace.

Oh ! by the GOD who loves to spare,
Deny me not the boon I crave :
Let this lov'd child your mercy share,
And let me find a peaceful grave ;
Make her yet spotless soul, your care,
And let my sins their portion have,
Her for a better fate prepare,
And punish whom 'twere sin to save !

Magistrate..

Recall the word, renounce the thought,
Command thy heart and bend thy knee,
There is to all a pardon brought,
A ransom rich, assur'd and free ;
'Tis full when found, 'tis found if sought,
Oh ! seek it, till 'tis seal'd to thee.

Vagrant.

But how my pardon shall I know ?

Magistrate

By feeling dread that 'tis not sent,
By tears for sin that freely flow,
By grief, that all thy tears are spent,
By thoughts on that great debt we owe,
With all the mercy GOD has lent,
By suffering what thou canst not show,
Yet showing how thine heart is rent,
Till thou canst feel thy bosom glow,
And say, " MY SAVIOUR, I REPENT !"

MAXIMS.

The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; neither bread to the wise, nor riches to men of understanding, nor favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

Every man hath his chain and his clog, only it is looser or lighter to one man than to another; and he is more at ease that takes it up, than he that drags it.

When Alexander saw Diogenes sitting in the warm sun, and asked, what he should do for him? desired no more than that he would stand out of his sunshine, and not take from him what he could not give.

The most excellent of all moral virtues is to have a low esteem of ourselves; which has this particular advantage, that it attracts not the envy of others.

This is the foundation of contentment in all conditions, and of patience under sufferings, that death, which is not far off, when it removes us out of this world, will take us from all the sufferings of it.

FLATTERY.

We should have but little pleasure, were we never to flatter ourselves.

Did we not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could never hurt us.

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.

Men sometimes think they hate flattery; but they hate only the manner of it.

FOLLY.

Folly attends us close through life; and if any one seems to be wise, it is merely because his follies are proportionate to his age and fortune.

He who lives without folly is not so wise as he imagines.

It is great folly to affect to be wise by one's self.

Some follies resemble contagious distempers.

Old fools are more foolish than young ones.

There are people fated to be fools; and who not only commit follies by choice, but are even constrained to do so by fortune.

No fools are so troublesome as those who have some wit.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

By the ship Virginia, captain Crockat, in 46 days from Amsterdam, the Editor of the Mercantile Advertiser has received an Amsterdam paper of the first of May, containing important news. From this it will appear that a bloody engagement took place on the 20th of April at Rhor, between the French and Austrian army, in which the latter was defeated with great slaughter.

We learn verbally from Capt. Crockat, that the victory of the 20th was obtained by a *russe de guerre*; the Emperor Napoleon, under cover of a feigned retreat having drawn the archduke Charles into a very unfavourable position. The archduke John was advancing to meet the French at the head of 80,000 men, so that a second general engagement was daily expected.

The Emperor of Russia and the king of Prussia continued neuter.

The ship Mentor, captain Ward, arrived in France from New-York, about three weeks before the sailing of the Virginia.

Captain Crockat, we understand, has brought dispatches for Government from Mr. Armstrong, who it was reported in Amsterdam was about leaving Paris, and would probably return in the Mentor.

The embargo on American vessels in the ports of Holland was raised early in April.

By the ship Alknomac, which arrived here in 35 days from Madeira, news is received, that Lisbon remained in possession of the Portuguese and Brisish, who felt themselves perfectly secure from any attack of the French ; having sent up the Tagus several gun brigs, and vessels that drew little water, in order to prevent the passage of the French, should they make their appearance.

Letters from Washington state that the British minister has given assurance to our Government, that so soon as the dispatches by Mr. Oakley shall have been received by the British ministry, the orders in council will be altogether rescinded.

" A member of the Chemical Society of Philadelphia discovered that the shells of Green Peas, which are at present thrown away as useless, make excellent Beer and good spirit.

" The process is, to pour six gallons of water on one bushel of the shells of peas, and boil the whole until the shells are insipid to the taste---pour off the water, which will be very sweet, into a clean tub or keg, and add toit a point of yeast, and two ounces of ginger in powder. In a short time fermentation will take place, and when it is complete, the beer will be fit for use.

"Beer obtained in this manner is very clear, has a fine amber color, is pungent to the taste, when poured into a tumbler bears a fine head, is superior to the common molasses beer, and is not inferior to mead.

" One bushel of the shells of peas, will make several dozen bottles of beer. The beer should be put into strong bottles--which should be kept in a cool cellar, and the corks should be secured with wire. If the cellar is not cool, the bottles will burst with an explosion, as the author of this communication has experienced.

" The beer distilled, yields spirit, of the taste and colour of whiskey.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening last by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Eliphalet Williams, merchant, to Miss Rebecca Phoenix, daughter of Daniel Phoenix Esq. all of this city.

BILL OF MORTALITY,

from the 10th to the 17th June.

	Years.		Years.
Thomas Herron	45	Margaret Shoe	12
Elizabeth Batcheler	80	Bridget Mc Fadden	3
Hugh Duffe	50	John G. Brasher	32
William Martin	22	John Peters	31
Cadery Chessy	28	Philip Bevery	40
Fanny Johnson	30	Patrick Gillon	35
Franklin Ferris	9	Patrick Barr	32
James Budington	2	Hugh Moore	43
John Meyers	21	David Langlecy	22
William Rogers	40	Eliz. Van Keuren	74
Mary Devoe	90	James Bavery	1 m
Robert Nesbit	5 days	John M'Donald	2 d
Mary Brown	2 years.		

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